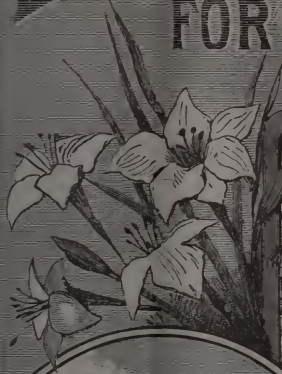


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# LIFE AND LIGHT FOR WOMAN.



OCTOBER, 1883.  
BOSTON, CHICAGO, AND SAN FRANCISCO.  
PUBLISHED IN BOSTON.

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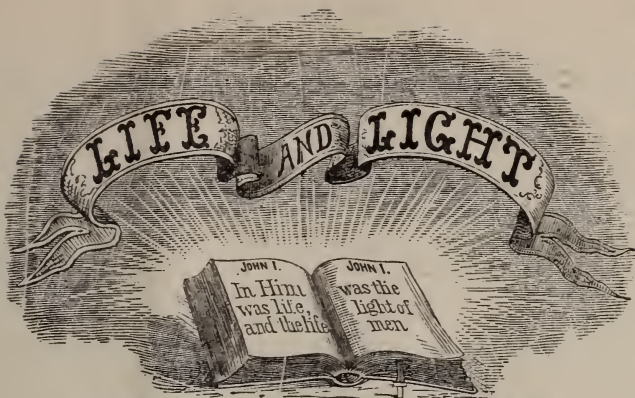
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## FOR WOMAN.

VOL. XIII.

OCTOBER, 1883.

No. 10.

### INDIA.

#### IT IS THE GIFT OF GOD.

BY MRS. W. B. CAPRON.

“Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?”

I WISH that I might convey to the dear hearts who watch for the signs of the morning, some of the inspirations that come over me, and make this work such joyful service. We have been to the river of death with another dear woman who has been reading with us. Some of you will read between the lines as I tell you about her.

Bible-woman Elizabeth was teaching in one of the large houses in her division. A young woman of unusual gentleness of spirit, wife of a carpenter in a humbler dwelling near by, having watched her for a long time, one day asked, “Could I learn to read?”

“Of course you can,” was the reply.

I find that my first visit to her was made Feb. 18, 1880. I was impressed then, as I have been ever since, with her eagerness for divine truth, and her intense desire to know the meaning of all that she read. Her progress in learning was rapid; and when we put the Gospel of Mark into her hands, as a gift not from us, but from God, she received it with a solemn joy that I never shall forget. At our Friday evening meetings of all the Bible-women, Elizabeth usually had some interesting incident about this earnest soul. Her name grew familiar, and when it was mentioned a smile of anticipation would go around the circle.

At one of my visits this grateful woman presented me two interesting daughters of a goldsmith, whom she herself had taught to read through the Primer. She simply and modestly said, "I thought I ought to do as much as this; and now that they are ready for the Bible, I want to give them into your care." She had herself taught them the verse, "For God so loved the world," and they repeated it to me.

I remember, on one occasion, when too weak to sit up long, she said: "Don't mind my poor body. I want you to say all that you can, for it will be my comfort when you are gone." She comforted herself during wakeful nights by repeating the words of the Lord Jesus that she had learned for this very purpose. We found the Testament which she had bought by her side even after she was too weak to read it. For a year she has been declining, and her husband has been devoted to her comfort, even buying a nice iron cot for her, and providing mattress and pillows, which were always clean. Few of our Christian women would have more than a mat on the hard floor. The contrast to all the surroundings of her humble abode always impressed me.

It was a constant remark of this patient invalid that this long sickness was from the Lord, that she might learn how to die. As her case grew hopeless, prevailed upon by friends, her husband desired to take her to a heathen shrine, and perform ceremonies for her recovery. She resisted this, but finally consented to his doing what he pleased on his own account; but as for herself, she should stay at home and commit her case to her Saviour, Jesus. The ceremonies were performed, and for a long time her conscience was tortured by the thought that she did not forbid her husband going to the shrine. Almost to the end she would ask: "Is that sin forgiven? I knew better than to let him sin against such a God."

And now came about that which astonished us much. The man and his wife who were living in the large house mentioned, finding this dear child fading away, invited her to come to their house, where she could have more attention. She might have the fresh milk from their cow, and the young cocoa-nuts, the cooling, soothing water of which comforted her parched mouth, from their grove. They were not relatives; they were not the same caste. Said the large-hearted woman to my question, "Why?"

"She had no mother and no sisters. She is nice. I like her. I wanted to have her where I could take care of her."

"Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?"

I went to her on Friday, February 16th. She seemed near the end. She spoke with difficulty as I said to her,—



"My dear child, I have gone as far as I can go with you. I now give you to the holy and safe keeping of Jesus, your Saviour and mine. You know Him?"

"Oh yes!" with a bright smile.

"What shall I now tell Him for you?"

"Ask Him to make me holy, and take me to his heaven."

"Does He know about your sins?"

"He will forgive all that is sin. He has been training me a long time for this."

"Have you no other trust?"

"No other," with an expressive gesture.

She never spoke again. The nice woman who was giving her such honor and comfort stood on one side, and the husband on the other, and a little group at the door, as I gave her into the guidance of Him who came to seek and to save. The husband burst into tears, and said, "You will not come after she is gone."

The woman described the scene to Elizabeth, and said: "It was just as real as if she was sending her on the train. What did she mean by the rod and the staff comforting?"

The following Tuesday she made signs to have her Testament brought. She caressed it; she pressed it to her heart; and for two nights and a day it was the object of her love. Such was her dying testimony. On Thursday, all power of motion being gone, the Bible-woman tenderly removed it, and laid it among her treasures.

And now came a lesson which we shall always remember. For eight days this precious soul looked out from her clear, shining eyes. The one motion of swallowing, only remained. She was apparently unconscious on Saturday when I went to see her, but longing to give comfort if I could, I said, "Hear now a comforting word from Heaven," and repeated the words, "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name: thou art mine." She opened her eyes, and looked at me with sure recognition. All the Bible-women and other Christian women went, from time to time, and gave her living soul the Bread of Life. The people around wondered at what they saw, and they could not doubt those speaking eyes. They wondered at our love and at our faith. They saw with their own eyes that the soul has a life of its own, and that it looks forward to things beyond. We were treated as honored guests in the house.

On Thursday, March 1st, the Bible-woman read to her the thirty-second Psalm; and with this, her ministry, so full of love and faithfulness, was ended. At midnight the great journey was begun.

There is something in this uplifting gospel which leads to a tender care for the body which has long held a soul like this. I greatly longed to protect it from heathenish rites, and Elizabeth's narrative showed me how the Lord could hear me in that which I feared. She said:—

“I went early in the morning, for I could not bear to have anything done which I knew she would not like. I was quite satisfied till I saw the sacred ashes, and for two years it had not touched her face. I looked at her husband, and said, ‘When have you seen her use that?’ He took the paper from the woman who had it, and waved his hand for her to go on. I cannot tell you how still it was. She was laid on the bier; flowers were laid all over the white cloth that covered her. She had asked her husband not to have a burning, but to lay her down in the earth. They went to the grave, and covered the bottom all over with yellow and white chrysanthemums, and laid her on the bed of flowers in silence, and covered her over with earth.”

I felt that the Lord had honored her in her dying days, and in her burial had given her the burial of a saint. It was not that I was afraid that I did not ask for our own Christian burial. I did not feel sure what was best, and I left it to the Lord to do what would be best in his sight—and I was satisfied.

“We have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God: that we might know the things which are freely given to us of God.”

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## JAPAN.

### LETTER FROM MISS DAVIS.

\*\*\* WE are on the threshold of a glorious revival, a *second Pentecost*. The oldest missionaries say they have never seen anything like it in Japan. I am so thankful that I have been here even a few years, so that I can enter into the spirit of it, and enjoy it more fully. Would that I could have been here much longer. There has been much seed-sowing, watered with many prayers and tears. The interest, of which I spoke in my letter of last week, is deepening and broadening in all places where Christian work is being done. The hearts of the Kioto station are filled with thanksgiving, while working in prayerful expectation of a further outpouring of the Spirit. There has been preparation pretty much all around for such a blessing. On the return of the delegates to the Native Convention, held in Tokio, a union service was held in one of the little churches, at which the delegates spoke in demon-

stration of the power of the Spirit. I invited Mr. Neesima, who was one of the delegates, to lead our morning devotion the next day. He appealed to the girls' need of repentance and faith now, in such a way as to send conviction to many hearts. That day the voice of prayer was heard in different parts of our Home. That night, after nine o'clock, I heard distressed weeping, and on going to the spot found my special girl and her roommate on the veranda, just outside of my bedroom, weeping and praying. Three Christian girls were with them, all repenting of their sins. With these two it is no sudden impulse or excitement. I feel sure of the sincerity of their conversion. About a month ago my girl came to me feeling troubled. After talking to her as best I could, I sent her to a room where she could be alone, to pray. A week ago she came again, saying her sins were so great, and she had so often pained the hearts of her teachers, she didn't know as she could be forgiven. I feel that Jesus had been waiting for some time at the door of her heart for admittance, and it was very fitting that she should be one of the first to receive the blessing. Our devotions the next morning were extended to four times the usual time given to them. It was a meeting of confession, weeping, and prayer. The Holy Spirit seemed to direct, and the leader had very little to do with it. I invited all who wanted to become Christians *now*, to meet in my parlor at three o'clock that afternoon. I thought there might be eight or ten who would probably come. There were *twenty-seven*, including the three who had become Christians the night before and that morning. Umeyo San, a happy Christian, filled with a newly-found hope and joy, in her testimony said, "Though my body is little, and I can't express myself very well, yet I do love the dear Saviour, and I want you all to love him too." There were O Chise San and O Kidzu San, so full of emotion they could hardly tell the joy they felt. There, too, was O Itsu San, who was seeking to know how to open the door of her heart, and let Jesus in. There were all the others, with something interesting in the history of each. That night one and another came to me confessing some wrong they had done, and saying they were so happy. The next morning and every day since, one or two have come with the same confessions. I never have seen anything like it before — I mean in its depth and generality. My heart is filled with praise and thanksgiving. Oh for wisdom to lead these precious ones, these new-born souls, in the right way! If I were in America at such an outpouring as this, I should feel insufficient for it. How much more do I feel it now! Dr. Gordon and others are giving valuable aid. Mrs. Ise, wife of Pastor Ise, has done much in talk-

ing with individuals. How gladly would Misses Parmelee and Starkweather, who have done most of the seed-sowing, be with us. This is the blessing for which we have worked, for which we have prayed.

To bring this about I have tried so hard, ever since I came, to induce the girls to *talk* about Christianity, especially the Christians, to their room-mates and to different ones. I divided the school into sections, and had them have little recess prayer-meetings, to loosen their tongues; but their lips were sealed. For me to talk, even to the Christians, seemed to have very little effect. It is very different now. As I meet one and another in the halls, on the veranda, or anywhere, I ask about her faith. The tears fill her eyes, and she listens gladly. Many voluntarily come to my room to confess some misdeed, and ask forgiveness. We no longer need to urge the Christians to talk and pray together, or with the wayward. What a change! Nothing but the Spirit of God could do this. There is deep feeling in the young men's school, and somewhat in the churches. At our meeting in Matsurvara, last night, we had a noisy time. The priests and students from a large temple near by came in full force, and tried to break up the meeting. The noise was so great at times we couldn't hear ourselves speak, and some one threw a stone into the room where we were sitting. The preaching went on, however, though the voice of the speaker was drowned many times in the din and clatter. We hope they will ere long become discouraged, and cease to trouble us.

Yours, in Christian fellowship,

ANNA Y. DAVIS.

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## TURKEY.

### THE CONSTANTINOPLE HOME.

[From the "Annual Report" of the Mission.]

THE Home, under the supervisory care of trustees appointed by the Prudential Committee (not of the Mission), has received an addition to its facilities, for the ends which it seeks, that makes the last year memorable in its history. An enlargement has been obtained to its grounds, by the purchase of an adjoining property, which was much needed, and for which \$42,000 were given by the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, \$10,000 of which was a grant from the "Otis Fund," by the Prudential Committee. On the new acquisition, a large, commodious, and beautiful, though plain structure, connected by a covered corridor with the original building, has been erected, at a cost of \$20,000, as the munificent gift to the Woman's Board of a gentleman—William C. Chapin, Esq., of



Providence, R. I.—whose heart was opened to this act of beneficence by seeing the institution, on a visit which, providentially, two years ago he made to it. Appreciating its value as an agency for elevating woman and promoting the kingdom of God in Turkey, and perceiving its needs, he gave this generous sum for an edifice, which at his suggestion is to be called *Barton Hall*, it being his wish that not his own name, but the maiden name of his deceased wife, should be commemorated by it. On a site making it one of the most conspicuous objects on the Bosphorus, the institution is visible to all who traverse its waters, or enter the Golden Horn from the Marmora. The day will come when, we trust, its halls will be crowded with the daughters of the people of the East eager to enjoy the advantages of Christian culture which it offers.

Sixty-nine different pupils were connected with the school as boarders in 1882, and thirty-six as day pupils. Five graduated in July, and the year closed with fifty boarders and thirty-six day scholars. At present there are fifty boarders and forty-six day scholars. Twenty-three of the boarders are Armenians, twenty are Bulgarians, one is a Turk, one a Christian Armenian Turk, one Greek, one a Dane, and three English. Of the day scholars, thirty-one are Armenians, one is a Bulgarian, seven are Turks, two are English, four Americans, and two Italian Jews. Thus eight nationalities are represented; but the great majority, consisting of Armenians and Bulgarians, in nearly equal numbers of boarders, while the Armenians are two-thirds of the day scholars.

The receipts from the pupils were 1,822 Turkish *liras* (\$8,017.28). The seal of the divine blessing is on the unwearied efforts of the lady teachers to mold the character of the pupils in conformity with the highest models; and though many opposers calumniate the institution, it receives gratifying testimonials of favor in the eyes of considerate persons. A few months ago, on the occasion of the funeral of an Armenian graduate, the officiating bishop in the Metropolitan Church spoke in terms of warm eulogium, and specified her indebtedness to the Home School for great intellectual advantages, and especially for the heart culture which she there received. The bringing together of pupils of so many nationalities, is productive of happy results in many respects. Bonds of friendship are established between those of different races. No excitement against the school is likely to be so injurious as if the pupils were of one race only. Prestige is given to us as missionaries. Teachers and helpers in evangelistic efforts are raised up for the various communities, and enlightenment is spread among them all.

## LETTER FROM MRS. S. A. WHEELER.

HARPOOT, Aug. 17, 1883.

DEAR READERS OF "LIFE AND LIGHT,"—Although in the midst of much confusion, caused by many callers and the breaking up for the summer vacation, which we shall spend in part among some of our distant out-stations, I must tell you (many of whom have heard me plead for Armenian daughters) of the joys which our first class of three, who graduated on July 12th, brought to me. As I watched these three sweet girls, Sara, Anna, and Nazloo, while they went through their graduating parts, my eyes filled with tears of joy, and my heart went up in grateful adoration to God, who had heard our prayers, and more than granted our wishes in this our first class. The battle is fought—the victory ours. It is proved that girls in this land are willing to overcome the many obstacles that must rise up to hinder their obtaining an education; that when they have once entered upon a college course they will not yield to even the offer of marriage, that is ever held out before them as the only proper sphere of every female over fifteen years of age.

I would that every worker for the elevation of woman could have gathered with us on that Thursday morning, and looked upon the eager crowds of women that were sitting upon the floor, and the men filling every available place where standing-room could be found. (We could seat on chairs only the "more honorable.") I am confident that each would feel strengthened for the hard work before her as she gazed upon our graduates in their beautiful gray poplins, garnished with just brightness enough to take away the Quaker plainness of the whole, with throat-finishings that might satisfy the most fastidious. These would not have pleased, however, had not their wearers moved with a dignity and grace that surprised the beholders. The essays were well written—the first, "Unburnished Jewels;" the second, "Silent Forces;" the last, "A New Era for Woman." Each was good, and read with ease and distinctness; but the last riveted the attention of all. The stillness was almost painful as Nazloo spoke of woman's past, her present, and her future. The most beautiful and convincing example of what woman's future might be was herself, as she stood before the mixed audience in this Orient, and with noble pathos and eloquence spoke of the past and present, as she thanked her teachers, the missionaries, and those who sent them to this work. Surely, you would have all felt that it paid to give your sons, your daughters, and your money to this work.

We were disappointed that these closing exercises could not be in our new, beautiful, and commodious building, which was in readiness; but it was thought better that we should not enter it in this public manner. Perhaps the Master saw we should be too much elated if permitted to enter the college for this first Commencement. I presume others have given full particulars, and I add this that you may feel sure that she who plead in great weakness that you remember our college, is not unmindful of what each one has done to bring forward this glad day.

May we all be up and doing while our Master gives us a service to do, knowing that he will care for the seed sown in weakness and in tears. The tares may spring up with the wheat, but He has bid us to let both grow together: he will be abundantly able to make the separation when the time comes to garner the wheat into his storehouse.

Lovingly yours,

S. A. WHEELER.

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## Young People's Department.

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### TURKEY.

#### GLIMPSES OF WORK.

BY MARY P. WRIGHT, OF HARPOOT.



HOUGH I have been here fifteen months, I am yet unable to grasp the work in such a way as to give you any idea of it as a whole. Would you like a few disconnected glimpses?

I hear a noise in the hall, and leave my arithmetic class to know why anyone should be passing in study-hours. I see on the stairs a young woman, whom I conclude to be Yeghesa's daughter-in-law, or bride, as they say here. (Yeghesa is our matron, and has been ill several days.) The bride's face is concealed by a spangled red gauze handkerchief.

"Do you wish to see me?"

An affirmative gesture in reply.

"What would you like?"

No answer.

“Is Yeghesa worse? Does she want to see me?”

The customary negative is given by nodding backward.

“What do you wish?” I ask again and again, till satisfied that she either cannot or will not answer. She has a cup in her hand.

“Do you want some water?”

I have made a successful guess, and after showing her where to find the water, return to my class dissatisfied at losing time, and disgusted with the custom that forbids a bride's speaking aloud. (I have since been told that as a special mark of respect for me, she abstained from making known her wants in the whisper which custom allows to an equal.) As women are called brides for eight, ten, or even more years, this loss of audible speech is no light deprivation; but then, “Is it easy to be a bride?” is one of the proverbs of the land.

A few weeks ago I went with Miss Wheeler to a near village, where she held several meetings, and organized a missionary society among the women. While there I could not fail to notice that the young brides wore veils indoors, while doing their ordinary house-work, and that even when veils are exchanged, after a few years, for the cloth bound over mouth and chin and worn day and night, they did not venture to speak aloud or seat themselves without permission from their mothers-in-law.

Brides bring the water from the distant fountains; brides mix with their hands the chopped straw and manure for fuel, and spread it in cakes on the mud walls of the houses to dry; brides do all the menial work of the household; brides remove the clothing of the men of the family as they prepare for bed; and brides sometimes have difficulty in understanding that missionary gentlemen visiting them prefer to remove boots, coats, and trousers without assistance.

Another glimpse: Spending a few days with an Armenian friend in another quarter of the city, I go out to one of the fountains with her for a walk. It is a domed structure of solid stone, into which water is brought by a subterranean pipe leading from hills miles away. Under its arched front travelers may find rest from the hot sun in this almost treeless land. Here the passing merchant spreads his prayer-rug, and solemnly goes through the Turkish forms of devotion; and here the lazy or unfortunate beggar, with the same deliberation and the same disregard of observation, offers praise to Allah and Mohammed whenever his wanderings bring him here at the Mohammedan hour of prayer. The great limestone reservoirs near by furnish water for animals and places where women bring clothes to wash. To-day there is snow on the ground; but here they stand in water, up to their



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 knees, pounding, rinsing, and spreading their clothes. Great is Fashion of the Fashionables! You see their faces are all decorously covered, excepting their eyes and a small part of the nose and cheeks, though feet and limbs are exposed.

These are Turkish women, I see from the style and material of their blue trousers and wraps. What else shall I call the large, square piece of cloth covering head and body, and held together over the mouth by the hand? I should know they were not Armenians, too, from the aversion or fear with which they regard us. See that one cover her baby's face. She is afraid it may "cast the evil eye" upon it. In that case it would sicken, and perhaps die. But having protected her little one, she is ready to brave the danger for herself, and approaches with the others. Of course they all leave their work. In their monotonous lives it is a great event to behold a woman in Frank dress; or, rather, to behold the dress a Frank woman wears. They gather close about us, and gaze at dress, hat, and gloves, and, satisfied that I wish to be friendly, feel of all. One of them lifts my skirts, to scan my boots, and signifies to my companion that she would like to see my gold—i. e., the chain or chains of coins every woman of any standing is supposed to wear about her neck. Altoon (my friend's name means "Pure Gold") tells them I do not wear my gold. I have a great deal, but do not care to wear it; a fiction rather amusing to me.

All this goes on amid a chattering like the sound of a flock of blackbirds in an Illinois cornfield, while first one, then another, lays curious hands upon my dress; and some one ingeniously expresses the self-complacence of her race by observing, "She has *guzelle* (fine) eyes. They are like ours."

Would that I could say a few words to these simple-hearted, ignorant women. What an impassible barrier is lack of speech! We meet; we look at each other eagerly; we are all women; we feel hunger and thirst, cold and heat alike; but our hopes of a future world, how different! And I have no word or sign to tell them of Him who "is the strength of my heart and my portion forever." Between us there is a great gulf fixed.

Another glimpse: A rap at the door of my room in the fine new building. Repegah enters — neat, sweet-faced Repegah, in the simple dress of our own land forty or fifty years ago. Her shoes were left in the hall. That is a foreign custom, to be sure; but as I look at the neatly braided hair and the intelligent face, I am conscious of no difference of race. (Indeed, why should I be, when the Armenians are of the Caucasian race?) She has a Bible in her hand, and with her finger points out this text: "Giving thanks

always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ" (Eph. v. 20). The Armenian seems a little stronger than the English, making it a positive command to give thanks always for all things. I quoted it in my Bible class three days ago, urging the girls to give thanks not only *in* everything, but *for* everything.

Repegah has come to tell me she cannot do it. Her little sister provoked her very much this morning; how can she give thanks for that?

I refer her to Romans v. 28, urge her to think of all things as part of God's wide plan, and, with a word of prayer, commit her to the God of hope and comfort.

She leaves the room with a sweet "Thank you;" but I turn again to the Great Source of all wisdom, trembling that such questions should be brought to me.

Will you not, dear friends, pray that wisdom may be given to missionary teachers, and that the fruits of the Spirit may grow and abound in the fields they plant?

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#### MISSION RALLY IN HAMPSHIRE COUNTY.

THE idea of a midsummer rally of mission circles originated with a handful of earnest young ladies of the Edwards Church, in Northampton. Their object was "to provoke one another unto love and to good works," and the invitation was sent throughout the county to all young ladies' circles and children's bands, and especially to young people not yet identified with either, to hold an all-day meeting.

The time proved favorable. Vacation had set nearly everybody free from school, and summer visits were not yet begun, so that the morning of a fresh July day brought them up in flocks — bright-eyed children and earnest young ladies, by train and in big band-wagons — to the old shire-town. A prayer-meeting prefaced the exercises of the day, which were held in the church, and conducted by the President of the Young Ladies' Society, Miss Annie Bridgman. There were a few words of welcome; the interesting reports of the societies represented, read by their youthful secretaries; delightful singing; and prayers offered at intervals throughout the day. Miss Gilman, President of the East Connecticut Branch, and Miss Proctor, inseparably associated with her school in Aintab, had come, by special request, to give instruction and stimulus to the meeting. The one set before us the Lord's claim on us who "are not our own," and made hearty appeal that we should render him his due. The other told us of poor Turkey and its girls,

and how they may be helped. A certain life and elasticity was given to the meeting by the brief and informal remarks of several ladies providentially present. Miss Ellis, of Smith College, spoke from her experience of foreign missionary zeal among young ladies of Chicago and Grinnell, and others told what their own eyes had seen in special places of missionary work in Troy, among the Indians at Carlisle, and the colored people of Topeka, Kan. So our hearts were enlarged to consider the field.

Collation was served at noon. Several young men aided effectively here, and all through the day. The audience numbered two hundred, and ladies accustomed to attend missionary meetings for years, were heard to say they never went to one so interesting. The enthusiasm awakened led the Amherst delegation present to invite a similar rally to be held with them next year. It was a stimulating meeting, and, as indicative of the tide of spiritual life and consecration among the daughters of these churches, a hopeful one. Rev. Payson W. Lyman has lately written "Hampshire County's Foreign Missionary Record of the Past." This day's rally testifies that the spirit of the fathers and mothers rests upon the children.

E. C. P.

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## Our Work at Home.

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"WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?"

[Read at the annual meeting of the Board, Jan. 18, 1883. Printed by request.]

Although it is several months since this paper was read, we respond to the request for its publication, hoping that just at the commencement of the winter's work, some person may be stirred to special effort for the salvation of heathen women.

As we come to the close of this two-days' feast, where the hours have been so full of delight and blessing, it seems impossible for us to separate without a few words of homage to our special guest,—our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,—without a renewed pledge of loyalty and devotion to his service. We cannot doubt that He has been with us here; for has he not been invited again and again from many a sainted mercy-seat? have not many petitions been offered for his encouraging, strengthening, guiding presence here? and has he not promised that he will always be in the midst of such gatherings at this? Have not our hearts burned

within us as we have talked together of His wonderful work on earth? We believe that He is here, and instinctively we turn to him with the question, "Lord, what wilt thou have us to do?" As we ask it, the thought of what he has done comes upon us like a weight. He has made us heirs with him in an inheritance great beyond expression: an inheritance that brings with it innumerable joys and blessings; that makes us daughters of a King,—and that king one who rules the universe,—"who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand," and who "taketh up the isles as a very little thing."

And what does he ask us in return? He asks us for what will be an inexpressible blessing in itself: that we will be co-laborers with him in establishing his kingdom—our common inheritance in the earth. Can it be, you ask, that this Divine Being has "taken us into a partnership of love and service here, and in the life to come a partnership of supreme honor and blessedness"? Above all, can it be that he needs the humble ministries of women and the feeble efforts of little children? We believe he needs them, every one. For in this gospel "there is neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus; ye are all children of God by faith in Christ Jesus." Was it not a woman's hand that plucked the forbidden fruit, and, in the act, started the little rill that has grown to such a mighty tide of sin and wretchedness? And now our Lord asks us—the Christian women of to-day—to do what we can to stem this tide. He asks us to go forth into all the world where human beings—especially the women and children—are sunk in depths of which we read the appalling description in the first chapter of Romans, and do our utmost to lift them into the brightness, and the warmth, and the beauty of his presence. We shrink from the magnitude of the demand, and ask, What can our weak hands avail against the almost irresistible current? They can avail but little; but our Leader is all-powerful. It was this same Leader who once made deep waters a wall on the right hand and on the left, holding them in his mighty grasp till his people—the women and the children, and even the helpless babes—had all passed through. He had only to relax his grasp, and horses, and chariots, and mighty warriors were buried in their depths forever. How it thrills us through and through as we remember that this Mighty One is our gentle, loving Elder Brother! our tender, considerate; patient friend! Let us never forget that He not only holds the power, but that he is willing to give it to us according to our needs. There is no humility in ignoring or undervaluing what our God has given us to use in his service. There are possibilities before every lowly, humble Christian



woman which, if she could be as fully conscious of them now as she will be hereafter, would fill her with wonder and delight. It is not an accident that our Leader has placed us in this latter half of the nineteenth century, and given us special advantages for carrying on his work.

Let us consider for a moment what some of these advantages are. Not the least among them are the numerous inventions that so simplify woman's duties in the household as to afford ample leisure for outside effort. Solomon's wise woman who "layeth her hands to the spindle: whose hands hold the distaff: who maketh fine linen and selleth it," has long since become a thing of the past. We have many wise women now who are "not afraid of the snow for their household" because "they are clothed in scarlet;" but the linen and the scarlet are immeasurably better made by impersonal machinery, and the hands of human beings are free for better service. If we turn to our Lord with the question, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do with the time thou hast given me? the answer comes quickly and clearly, "Fill it with loving ministries to my little ones — to those who need it most." Another special advantage is our higher and broader education, — these beautiful institutions of learning that have arisen all about us in such fair proportions; all the deep and thorough study that brings discipline of mind; all the innumerable libraries within the reach of every woman's hand; the literature that is teeming with the descriptions of manners and customs in Oriental lands; the opportunities for travel that bring the mission-stations to our very doors. Should we not ask the question, Lord, what shall we do with these? The answer comes almost before the question: His kingdom is to extend throughout the earth; no resources are too large, no talents too great, no culture too high, for its necessities. A darkness of centuries rests on millions of our fellow-beings; no elevating influence can be spared in the process of lifting these degraded ones into the pure light of Christian womanhood; no discipline of mind can be too severe to enable women to plan for this, wisely and broadly, to execute with energy and exactness. A third advantage is the abounding wealth in our country. Never were the moneyed resources of the Christian Church so large as they are to-day; never before did women have so much at their disposal. Much of this abundance has fallen into consecrated hands, and from it have arisen many and large schemes of philanthropy, in which woman has learned to bear her part. Experience in smaller societies has taught her to plan for labor for the world. The question, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do with thy money? has been answered long ago; and yet many still keep

back part of the price. We rejoice in the generous support our Board has received this year; and yet, not a mile from where we stand, three times as much is being spent on a house and furnishings to gratify one woman's love of the beautiful. Is it only for this pitifully small fraction of our wealth that our Leader asks?

May we not count among our special blessings, also, the present wonderful opportunities for work in heathen lands? Before our Leader called the women and children distinctively to it, see how gently and carefully he prepared the way! The pioneer work was done. The world was open in all its length and breadth to the gospel. The Bible was translated into many languages. There was scarcely a people, outside of Africa, among whom the standard of the cross was not planted; while schools and churches were established everywhere, ready for the teacher and the preacher to enter into immediate work. Can we doubt that this preparation is in order that great things may be accomplished so soon as the whole Church shall be willing to put forth its strength? Again and again it has been said that if the Church were what she ought to be, Christianity could be preached in the ears of every man within twenty-five years. As has been said, to this generation of Christians is tendered the privilege of doing, under God's guidance, the noblest work man has ever undertaken or conceived. What a solemn hour is this, when the fate of a world seems hanging in the balance, depending upon whether the Church will rise in her might to secure for our Lord the nations that stand hesitating between the old religions and our life-giving, light-bearing Christianity! Is it an accident that women were brought to the kingdom for such a time as this? How inspiring the thought that it may be possible for us to see with our own eyes the grand consummation! Can it fail to move us to more absorbing consecration, to broader planning, and more vigorous execution? Only once in all the everlasting life that our Redeemer has bestowed upon us can we do him just this service. What other and higher service we may do Him in the world to come, we do not know; but it is only in the brief years of our earthly existence that we can speak of his love and sacrifice as woman to woman. It grows more of a marvel every day that He can and chooses to use such weak, twisted, selfish human beings to do his work, instead of his own right hand and the word of his power. But since He sees fit to do it, can we refuse the privilege? Rather let us bow with lowly reverence as we receive the great commission from hands once nailed to the cross for our redemption. Then let us rise to our feet, and in His strength and by his side, bear his message to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Do we need motives to induce us to accept the privilege, with its accompanying labor and responsibility? Our leader asks us to do this work out of pity for millions of women in their wretchedness. We know their lives. It is not necessary to describe them. They are beginning to learn that in Christian England and America they may look for succor, and their messages are constantly in our ears. "Oh, why was I born a woman?" is the despairing cry that comes from many a soul just waking up to the possibilities of her mind and heart. "A Saviour! do you know of a Saviour?" cries another. "Oh, who is He? where is he?" Another, "He is the kind we want — one to save and care for us." "Can you tell me of the Jesus way and the Christian's heaven?" asks another. "Haste, then, haste! my husband is dying! Tell me the way of life, that I may save his soul alive." From one of the thousands of Hindu widows comes the wail: "Why do the widows of India suffer so? O God, I pray thee let no more women be born in this land! Alas, that all hope is taken from us! Many are happy enough to die in consequence of their sorrows. Thousands of us die, but more live. The English have abolished *suttee*; but neither the English nor the angels know what goes on in our homes. I am told that in England they comfort the widows' hearts; but here it is not so." They are groping for the light. They are seeking for our Saviour, if haply they may find him. Can we turn a deaf ear to their cries, calmly fold our hands, and let them grope on?

Our Lord asks us to do this work, because these women, degraded as they are, are a power in every nation in the earth. Aside from their influence in the family, their simple faith, their persistence in the face of many obstacles, their brave struggles for a higher life, can accomplish much. A few instances: A humble woman is so stirred with a desire for the conversion of her countrymen, that she rises at midnight, goes to the missionary's house, and together, in the night-watches, they pour out their souls in prayer to God for her people. In a few months the Holy Spirit is moving so mightily among the Telugus as to astonish the world. Who can tell what an influence this woman's prayer may have had in the great result? In a remote village a little church had been built for the handful of Christians there. For one reason and another the members have fallen off till only one faithful woman remains. "There is no use keeping the church open any longer," says a missionary who is passing through. "You may as well give me the key." With tearful eyes she pleads: "Oh, do not take away the key! I will at least go daily to the church, and sweep it clean, and keep the lamp in order, and go on praying that God's

light may visit us again." The missionary leaves the key, and presently he is preaching in that very church, crowded with repentant men and women — the results of the God-given faith of one poor woman. Not long ago the English Government appointed a board of commissioners to devise some system of education for India. Some Brahmin women received permission to present a petition, and in walked a procession of two hundred high-caste, hitherto secluded women, with uncovered faces and civilized costume, asking that the precious boon of education might be given to Brahmin women, and a law be enacted against early marriages. They were brought there through the influence of one Brahmin widow, about twenty years of age. These instances might be multiplied indefinitely. These are the women to whom our Lord asks us to send his gospel. He alone knows the power they can wield when elevated to a true Christian womanhood.

Our Lord asks us to do this work because of our imperative duty to those of our own who stand in our stead in heathen lands to-day. We have put our hand to the plough, and must not turn back. If He has called them, he is calling us, as well. Through His blessing they have been most successful. The day of small things is past. The labor of preparation is well-nigh finished. In many places the ingathering has begun. It is a joyful season, but most laborious. The call for laborers is loud and constant. There is great anxiety lest some sheaves be lost, through neglect. To-day they are ready for the reaper; to-morrow they are gone, past recall. Many hearts are failing, many hands are drooping, because of heavy burdens. The sheerest humanity demands that aid be sent them with the least possible delay.

Our Lord asks us to do this because he needs it — because he wishes it. And after all He has done for us, has he not a right to ask it? It is related that "when the design of the First Crusade to recover the Holy Sepulchre by force of arms was unfolded, the assembled multitude of many nations simultaneously exclaimed, 'God wills it!' and that the leader of the crusade, seizing upon the words, responded, 'Let that be our battle-cry; let the army of the Lord, as it rushes upon its enemies, shout but that one sound, — 'God wills it!'" Let this be our battle-cry, "Our Master wills it!" With this cry let us drown every doubt and cavil of the enemies of missions. With this, let us rouse the indifferent. With this, let us stifle every feeling of timidity, every weak shirking from duty or responsibility, every temptation to a life of ease and self-indulgence. Oh! the pity of it, that so few of the women in this favored land have a share in this great work; that there are so many who, ostrich-like, bury their minds and hearts in the absorb-



ing routine of their narrow circles, persuading themselves that because they cannot see the needs of the great world beyond, that there are no needs. They love to drink deep of the water of the Well of Life themselves, but they have no strong desire to bring those afar off to drink also. Oh for the alacrity of the woman of Samaria, who forgot everything, even her domestic cares and duties, in her eagerness to carry the gracious message to others! It was some special domestic necessity, we must believe, that brought her to the well, not at the usual morning and evening drawing of water, but at high noon. We do not know what family exigency brought her there at this unusual hour; but we do know that whatever it was, at the word of her Lord she left her water-pot and hurried into the city to carry the wonderful tidings, "persuading many of the Samaritans to come unto Him." Did she ever regret that some one lacked the water of which "whosoever drinketh shall thirst again," while she was bringing many to drink from the pure water that shall "spring up into everlasting life"? Is there not joy in heaven to-day because for the time being she left her water-pot?

Above all, our Leader asks us to do this work because we love him. "We love Him because he first loved us." Is there a woman's heart anywhere that does not respond to this high motive? Since he asks, for love of Him, that we be co-workers with him in reconciling the world unto himself, shall we not be quick to do his bidding? And is there any way that we can do His bidding better than to bring him polished stones from these lands that have waited long for his appearing? While he yearns over these little ones in heathen lands with infinite tenderness, with infinite patience, He waits for our bungling fingers to do his work among them. Does He not bid us rescue them, even as he has rescued us? — to strain every nerve to show them that he has died for them, as he has died for us? Does He not beseech us to show forth his death not alone around his table in our beautiful churches, amid the luxury of innumerable blessings, but in the dark and desolate parts of the earth? A thought for every Christian woman as she approaches the symbols of His sacrifice, has been written out as follows:—

The feast was spread, the solemn words were spoken:

Humbly my soul drew near to meet her Lord,

To plead his sacrificial body broken,

His blood for me outpoured;

Confessing all my manifold transgression,

Weeping to cast myself before His throne,

Praying his Spirit to take full possession,

And seal me all his own.

On Him I laid each burden I was bearing,  
 The anxious mind, of strength so oft bereft,  
 The future dim, the children of my caring,—  
 All on his heart I left.

“How could I live, my Lord,” I cried, “without thee?  
 How for a single day this pathway trace,  
 And feel no loving arm thrown round about me,  
 No all-sustaining grace?”

“Oh, show me how to thank Thee, praise thee, love thee,  
 For these rich gifts bestowed on sinful me,—  
 The rainbow hope that spans the sky above me,  
 The promised rest with thee!”

As if indeed He spoke the answer fitted  
 Into my prayer, the pastor's voice came up:  
 “Let any rise, if they have been omitted  
 When passed the bread and cup.”

Sudden, before my inward, open vision,  
 Millions of faces crowded up to view,—  
 Sad eyes that said, “For us is no provision:  
 Give us your Saviour, too!”

Sorrowful women's faces, hungry, yearning,  
 Wild with despair, or dark with sin and dread,  
 Worn with long weeping for the unreturning,  
 Hopeless, uncomforted.

“Give us,” they cry, “your cup of consolation,  
 Never to our out-reaching hands yet passed:  
 We long for the Desire of every nation,  
 And, oh, we die so fast!”

“Does He not love us, too, this gracious Master?  
 'Tis from your hand alone we can receive :  
 The bounty of his grace: oh, send it faster,  
 That we may take and live!”

“Master,” I said, as from a dream awaking,  
 “Is this the service thou dost show to me?  
 Dost thou to me intrust thy bread for breaking  
 To those who cry for thee?”

“Dear Heart of Love, canst thou forgive the blindness  
 That let thy child sit selfish and at ease  
 By the full table of thy loving-kindness,  
 And take no thought for these?”

“As Thou hast loved me, let me love, returning  
To these dark souls the grace thou givest me;  
And, oh, to me impart thy deathless yearning  
To draw the lost to thee!

“Nor let me cease to spread thy glad salvation,  
Till thou shalt call me to partake above,  
Where the redeemed of every tribe and nation  
Sit at thy feast of love!”

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### ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MAINE BRANCH.

WE who visited the charming village of Farmington, so full of beauty, poetry, and delight, will not soon forget the enthusiasm, the glowing spirit, of the tenth annual meeting of the Maine Branch, gathered in the Congregational Church. A goodly number participated in the preliminary devotional exercises, where earnest prayers were offered for the schools and missionaries under our particular care and interest. Passages of Scripture proving the secret of strength, reliance, and courage were repeated by many. At ten o'clock our President, Mrs. Fenn, opened the regular meeting by reading from the 13th chapter of Acts, applying the lesson of Paul and Barnabas leaving Antioch, where there was still sin, unbelief, and destitution, to go out on a missionary tour. The same feeling of obligation to leave the work at home, and preach the gospel in remote places, actuated them as should now influence the foreign missionary. All joined in the Lord's Prayer, followed by singing. After voting for officers, the report of the Treasurer, Mrs. W. S. Dana, was read. The receipts were quite encouraging, and show a gain over any preceding year. This report brought out a stimulating call for still more earnest effort the coming year to raise our receipts to four thousand dollars. The Corresponding Secretary, Miss Spofford, read her report relating to the work at home and the increased devotedness abroad. All were pleased with an animated paper on "What Can We Do?" by Miss Curtis. The need of informing ourselves on this subject of missions, as to the different societies in aid of the same, and the ways and means, was clearly set forth. Systematic giving and educating the young in habits of benevolence were especially touched upon. A collection for incidental expenses was taken, and the meeting assumed a more informal character. Suggestions were made for raising money. The use of "mite-boxes" in mission circles was considered a most effective means.

That boys as well as girls should be drawn into these mission

circles, and taught to work and contribute for the cause, was a strong point. That parents should encourage their children in the work by paying them for some daily duty, offering them rewards that required exertion or care, was advised. "How to Conduct Missionary Meetings" was discussed, and many valuable hints and expressions given. All joined in the closing hymn with that same animated spirit that, if nourished through the year, will bring about blessings to those at home and those abroad.

## WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

RECEIPTS FROM JULY 18 TO AUGUST 18, 1883.

### MAINE.

<i>Maine Branch.</i> — Mrs. Woodbury S. Dana, Treas. Ellsworth, Aux., of wh. \$25 const. L. M. Miss L. L. Phelps, \$36; So. Bridgton, S. S., \$30; Lewiston, Pine St. Ch., Aux., \$30; Eastport, Aux., \$31.26; Cushing, Mrs. Jane M. Payson, \$1; Saccarappa, Aux., of wh. \$25 const. L. M. Mrs. Nancy Hayes, \$32; Calais, Aux., \$11.08; Machias, Mission Workers, \$50; Camden, Aux., \$28; Greenville, Aux., \$15; Madison, Aux., \$5,		\$269 34
<i>St. Albans.</i> — A Friend,	1 00	
Total,	\$270 34	

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

<i>Milford.</i> — Willing Workers,	\$40 00
Total,	\$40 00

### VERMONT.

<i>Vermont Branch.</i> — Mrs. T. M. Howard, Treas. Rutland, of wh. \$25 const. L. M. Miss Sarah G. Berrie, \$50; Springfield, Aux., \$26; St. Johnsbury, Young Ladies' Miss'y Soc'y, \$60; Sharon, Aux., \$18; Stowe, Aux., prev. contri., const. L. M. Mrs. A. R. Savage, \$5.50; Barre, Aux., \$17.50; Burlington, Aux., \$20,		\$197 00
<i>Rutland.</i> — A Friend,	40	
Total,	\$197 40	

### MASSACHUSETTS.

<i>Andover.</i> — Mrs. William R. Jewett,	\$25 00
<i>Berkshire Branch.</i> — Mrs. S. N. Russell, Treas. Adams, Parousia Circle, \$28; Curtis-	

ville, \$12; Middlefield, \$22.50; Hinsdale, prev. contri., const. L. M. Mrs. I. H. Laird, \$21.65; Great Barrington, Mrs. Brinsmade, const. L. M. Miss Ethel Louise Culver, \$25,	\$109 15	
<i>Chelmsford.</i> — Aux.,	12 00	
<i>Essex No. Conf. Branch.</i> — Mrs. A. Hammond, Treas. West Newbury, First Parish, Aux., \$10; Newburyport, \$68.75; Oldtown Ch., M. C., \$50,		128 75
<i>Essex So. Conf. Branch.</i> — Miss Sarah W. Clark, Treas. Salem, Tabernacle Ch., Aux., \$25; Middleton, Young Ladies' Aux., \$31.40,		56 40
<i>Hampshire Co. Branch.</i> — Miss Isabella G. Clarke, Treas. Westhampton, M. C., \$30; Easthampton, Aux., \$28.75; Northampton, Edwards Ch., Div., \$30; Greenwich, 50 cts.,		89 25
<i>Lawrence.</i> — Lawrence St. Ch., Aux.,	83 50	
<i>Marion.</i> — Aux.,	5 00	
<i>Middlesex Branch.</i> — Mrs. E. H. Warren, Treas. Natick, Aux.,		53 50
<i>Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.</i> — Mrs. Franklin Shaw, Treas. Rockland, Aux., \$14; Cohasset, Aux., \$13.50; Halifax, Aux., \$10,		37 50
<i>Old Colony Branch.</i> — Miss Frances J. Runnels, Treas. Fall River, Aux., \$330; Willing Helpers, \$60,		390 00
<i>So. Abington.</i> — Ladies' Weekly Pledge,	15 00	
<i>So. Framingham.</i> — A. L. M.,	15 00	
<i>Suffolk Branch.</i> — Miss Myra B. Child, Treas. Boston, In memory Little Fannie, \$10; Roxbury, Eliot Ch., Aux., \$24.50; Anderson Circle, \$10; Eliot Star, \$9.50; Olive Branch, \$3; Thompson Circle, \$2.50; Ferguson Circle, \$2.50; Mayflowers, \$2; Boylston Ch.,		



Young Ladies' Miss'y Soc'y,	
\$5; Dorchester, Pilgrim Ch.,	
\$1; Jamaica Plain, A Friend,	
\$1; Brighton, Faneuil Rush-	
lights, \$4; Cambridgeport,	
Chapel Ch., S. S., \$30; East	
Somerville, A Friend, \$1;	
Newton, A Friend, \$1; West	
Newton, Mrs. O. P. Hall,	
\$2; Dedham, Asylum Dime	
Soc'y, \$1.76; Foxboro, Aux.,	
\$35,	\$145 76
<i>Woburn Conf. Branch.</i> —Mrs.	
N. W. C. Holt, Treas. No.	
Woburn, Aux., \$9; Wake-	
field, Aux., \$70; Winchester,	
Aux., of wh. \$25 by Mrs. M. A.	
Herrick const. L. M. Mrs.	
Clementine Swett, \$25 by Mrs.	
Stephen Cutter const. L. M.	
Mrs. Adeline A. Hall, \$80;	
Lexington, Aux., of wh. \$25	
by Mrs. C. C. Goodwin const.	
L. M. Miss Dorothea Beach,	
\$45; Billerica, Aux., prev.	
contri. const. L. M. Miss	
Carrie E. Greenwood, \$15;	
Willing Workers, prev. contri.	
const. L. M. Miss Jessie F.	
Underhill, \$19.50,	238 50
<i>Worcester.</i> —Salem St. Ch.,	
Mission Workers,	25 00
<i>Worcester Co. Branch.</i> —Mrs. G.	
W. Russell, Treas. Deerfield,	
S. S., \$20; Westboro, Aux.,	
\$35; Clinton, Aux., \$22.50;	
Spencer, Emily Wheeler M.	
C., \$30; Whitinsville, of wh.	
\$50 const. L. M's Annie L.	
Clarke, Mrs. Margaret F.	
Chapin, San Jose, Cal., \$125;	
Hubbardston, Aux., \$11; No.	
Brookfield, Aux., \$45,	288 50
Total,	\$1,717 81

CONNECTICUT.

<i>Burnside.</i> —A Friend,	\$10 00
<i>Hartford Branch.</i> —Mrs. Charles	
A. Jewell, Treas. Hartford,	
Centre Ch., Infant S. S. Cl.,	
\$4.62; Enfield, Workers and	
Winners, \$7; Vernon, Aux.,	
\$8; King's Daughters M. C.,	
\$15; Glastonbury, Aux.,	
\$85.33; Cheerful Givers, \$32 25	
Simsbury, Aux., \$19,	171 20
Total,	\$181 20

NEW YORK.

<i>New York State Branch.</i> —	
Mrs. G. H. Norton, Treas.	
Rochester, Mt. Hor, Miss'y	
Friends, \$16.25; Brooklyn,	
Tompkins Ave. Ch., const. L.	
M's Mrs. George F. Pentecost,	
Miss Etta Campbell, \$50;	
Central Cong. Ch., of wh. \$25	

by Mrs. David M. Stone const.	
self L. M.; \$25 by Mrs. John	
F. Cook const. self L. M.; \$25	
by Mrs. M. S. Benedict const.	
L. M. Mrs. A. J. Fennels, Glens	
Falls; \$50 by Mrs. Alexander	
Earl—\$450; Boys and Girls	
M. B., \$35; East Smithfield,	
Pa., Girls' M. B., \$30; New	
York City, Miss E. C. Haydn,	
\$20; Danby, \$25; Y. L. M. C.,	
\$26; Homer, \$47; Spencerport,	
\$30; Riverhead, \$10; West	
Groton, \$20.50,	\$759 75
Total,	\$759 75

NEW JERSEY.

<i>Jersey City Heights.</i> —C. L.	
Ames,	\$2 00
Total,	\$2 00

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

<i>New Jersey.</i> —Newark, Belle-	
ville Ave. Ch., M. E.,	\$10 00
Total,	\$10 00

OHIO.

<i>Cincinnati.</i> —Julia W. Carpen-	
ter, M.D.,	\$25 00
Total,	\$25 00

IOWA.

LEGACY.—Legacy of Miss E.	
Marvin Grinnell,	\$10 00

WISCONSIN.

<i>Oakfield.</i> —Contributions,	\$7 20
Total,	\$7 20

FLORIDA.

<i>Daytona.</i> —Aux.,	\$5 00
Total,	\$5 00

FOREIGN LANDS.

<i>England.</i> —Albysn, Miss S. L.	
Ropes,	\$20 00
<i>Turkey, Constantinople.</i> —Pu-	
pils in Const. Home, for work	
in India,	24 64
Total,	\$44 64

General Funds,	\$3,260 34
LIFE AND LIGHT,	211 96
Weekly Pledge,	3 81
Leaflets,	2 25
Legacy,	10 00
Total,	\$3,488 36

Miss EMMA CARRUTH, Treasurer.

## In Memoriam.

### MISS ELIZA AGNEW.

Died at Oodooville, Ceylon, June 14, 1883.

ONCE more we are called to record that a valued missionary worker has closed her earthly labors, and entered upon the new and glorious life.

Miss Agnew was born in New York City, Feb. 2, 1807. At the early age of seventeen she gave herself to Christ; and some years afterward, in 1839, left her native land for missionary work in Ceylon, as it proved never to return. To attempt a sketch of a life indented with forty-three years of missionary history in one of the most successful fields of the Board, is useless in the brief space allotted here. The "mother of a thousand daughters," she has left an impress on the wives and mothers, and so on family-life, in Ceylon, that can never be measured. The loving tribute of an associate, Miss M. W. Leitch, who stood by her side on the brink of the dark river, gives a beautiful picture of her last hours.

"In the early morning of June 13th she fell into a heavy sleep, in which she remained, without a single movement, or without sign of pain, till late in the following day, when she ceased to breathe. Many of the Christian women—her former pupils—when they knew that she could not recover, prayed that she might be taken without pain; and their prayers were surely answered. What a glad surprise for her to awake in the light of her Saviour's face! She used to pray to Him morning, noon, and night, and often in the night, when wakeful. Now she will be speaking with Him face to face.

"The funeral services were held in Oodooville Church, in the afternoon of the following day, and there was a large and most remarkable gathering. Besides the missionary families, including the English Government agent and other officials, there was a large assemblage of native Christians, not one of whom but felt the deepest sense of loss, as if they had lost a mother. To how many children has she been a true and loving mother! When I looked on the sorrowing faces of those Christian women,—wives of pastors, catechists, teachers, doctors, lawyers, government servants,—all honored and beloved, and thought that they were so honored, in great measure, because of her teaching, as nearly all of them had been her pupils, I could not but say, What a glorious life has been hers!

"This was truly her adopted country and people; and her sacred dust rests where she wished it—in Oodooville burying-ground, by the side of loved missionary friends. When urged by her relatives in America to return, and make her home with them, in her old age, she replied: 'I do not know what others may think, but, as for me, I have a strong feeling that my work in Jaffna is not yet done. "Guide me, O thou Great Jehovah!" is my daily prayer.' How many, after more than forty years of unceasing labor in a foreign field, would feel unwilling to be released and say, 'My work is not yet done'? She often said that when she left America, she left it never expecting to return.

"One of Miss Agnew's chief characteristics was cheerfulness. I never saw her discouraged or depressed. So far away from all her relatives, among another race of people, burdened with heavy responsibilities and cares, latterly with failing health, I often wondered that she never seemed sad or lonely. Her heart was the wonder of which Bunyan tells—the fire on which one was always throwing water, yet which only burned brighter and brighter, fed, as was afterward shown, by a secret supply of oil. So, care, sorrow, loneliness, disappointment, pain, all seemed to have no power over her; for the joy of the Lord was her strength, and her peace came direct from Him who giveth not as the world giveth. It was but the fulfilment of the promise that they who leave houses, or lands, or brethren, or sisters, for His sake, shall receive an hundred-fold more in this life."

# Board of the Interior.

CHINA.

LETTER FROM MISS PORTER.

PANG CHUANG, China, Feb. 13, 1883.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — The last mail brought reports of the Cincinnati meeting and Miss Pollock's bright "Aunt Mehitable." She certainly wields a very effective pen, whether she turns it to the grave or gay, and says things worth remembering in a way to insure them a hearing. Best of all that the mail brought me were the letters from Peking, telling of the deep religious awakening in the Bridgman School. Miss Haven must have given full details, which will have reached you long before this. You see how far we are from the northern stations. I did not get these tidings until in March. It was unusual, however, for us to be quite so long without letters — due in this case partly to heavy storms and partly to the fact that our messenger was detained in Tientsin, by badly frosted feet. Brother and I went to-day to a new village. When I saw the court-yard crowded, and found a room packed with curious, noisy women and children waiting to see the strange foreigner, such a sense of loneliness and inadequacy came over me that for an instant I felt more like seeking the refuge of my chair, than pressing my way to the Kang; so you can imagine my gratitude when I found there before me three dear Christian women, from an adjacent village, waiting to help me; and their sympathetic, kindly faces did so even before they spoke. They had neither voices nor training to reach and hold the restless crowd, but they gave me ever so many little breathing-places, by explaining what I said to the few just around us, and a few moments' pause now and then enabled me to keep up the talk and the interest through more than two hours. My brother came in for a little while, but he and the helpers had their hands full in the court. I told the Christian women what a comfort their presence was, and they promised to meet me again on Friday at another village. I had a call last week from seven Buddhist nuns, who were holding a sort of "mission" (*a la* the Ritualists, and not only in name, but in some of its characteristics, like theirs) in the village. I asked their leader, a bright, intelligent woman of about fifty, to tell me something of their doctrines, and the methods by which they were trying to "inculcate virtue." At first she answered

with some good moral maxims; but upon closer questioning she said, with great earnestness and apparent sincerity, "We do not understand anything about it. We read and recite the sacred books as we have been taught, but no one knows the meaning; and we beat the gongs and blow the horns according to rule; but what it all signifies who can tell?" Our Bible-reader thinks no place inappropriate for hymn-singing and gospel exposition, so she gathered a company of the school-children and Christian women and went to the pavilion (of mats), put up for the use of these priestesses, and then sang hymns for the entertainment of the assembled company. They all took it in good part, and accepted with pleasure her invitation to call here, when, at the solicitation of the Chinese friends, Mrs. Smith entertained them by playing on the organ, and more singing. The dress of these nuns is exactly like that of the priests, and their heads are entirely shaven; but their voices are feminine, and the robes of a Chinaman look not unwomanly to western eyes, so there was nothing disagreeable in their strange garb. How I longed to know how their lives really seemed to them, and whether there were among them devout souls! I fancy such must be rare; for the renunciation of home and kindred, and consecration to this calling, are seldom matters of personal choice. Most of the nuns are vowed to the temples by their parents when very young, or when ill, and they simply accept or submit to that which is imposed upon them. Excuse this scrappy letter. It has been written when I was hardly fit to write from weariness, but I cannot give up your sympathy and interest in our work; and how can you give them without knowing at least a little of its details?

Affectionately yours,

MARY H. PORTER.

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### THEIR WORK IN JAPAN.

BY MISS JULIA E. DUDLEY

Though Miss Dudley is now in this country, her heart and her thoughts are in Japan, and we therefore give place in our foreign department to her burning words.

We can never fully understand the rules by which God works in bringing the world to himself. We know there are different factors which are needful to produce the grand results we wait and pray for. We know the human agent and the Divine Presence are both needful, because God has so arranged that he works through human instruments. Word has come that after the seed-sowing, which is ours to do, God has manifested his power; and the whole native Church in Japan rejoices over a baptism from on high.



The Infinite One has supplemented man's work, and by one breath of his Spirit has done what human agents could never do. The softening and quickening influences of the Spirit have brought Christians very near each other and near to God, and given a new desire to work for others. We own the work is not ours; we can only stand aside and praise God for what he has wrought. And yet in one sense the work *is* ours; for God has made us co-workers with him. We say it reverently, but God has made us his helpers; and we may rejoice. And yet, while we rejoice, have we not reason to mourn that so few of us keep these things in mind: that we are needed; that God, we have reason to believe, is hindered in his work because so few of his children are willing to be used — because so many of us hold our silver and gold as our own, forgetting that his blessing can turn it into jewels which will shine forever; forgetting that our lives are not our own, but His who has bought us. Dear sisters, when we rejoice, as we must, that God has overlooked our lack in the past, and has blessed the world through our half efforts, shall the thought not stimulate us to do more for him? Shall we not with our tithes bring thank-offerings to Him? Shall we not make it possible for Him to do greater things for Japan — for the whole world?

While we rejoice over news which comes from so many mission-fields telling of new outpourings of the Spirit, let us not forget that it brings to us greater responsibilities, because it gives us new opportunities to work; for all these revivals are to bring new calls from hungry souls, which through them are to give new glimpses of the Light.

These Pentecostal seasons should remove all doubt from our minds. We know God blesses our efforts. Let us not only thank Him for what he has done, but let us be very careful that we remove all obstacles out of the way, that he may work yet more gloriously.

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## Home Department.

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### STUDIES IN MISSIONARY HISTORY.

1883.

WORK OF THE AMERICAN BOARD, 1860-1870.

BY MISS S. POLLOCK.

STUDY the *spirit of revival* in 1831 and 1862 as manifested at Marash, Turkey; among the Nestorians; in Madura Mission; in Ceylon; at the Sandwich Islands and in the Zulu Mission. See "Reports of the American Board."

In connection with this, note the *spirit of giving* manifested in the same missions.

The better to understand the spread of evangelical religion in the Turkish Empire, study closely the work at one station—Harpoon. See “Ten Years on the Euphrates,” by C. H. Wheeler.

What was the influence of the following political events on the missionary work?

Death of the Sultan.

Civil War in the United States

Outbreak of the Indians, 1862.

Greek Revolution, 1863.

*Organization of Woman's Boards.*—Beginnings of Zenana work in India. Organization of Woman's Union Missionary Society. Causes that led to the organization of the Woman's Board of Missions. Time of organization; first meeting; first missionaries. Work prior to 1870. Organization of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior. First missionaries. Work of 1868 and 1869. See *Missionary Herald's* of this period, and early reports of the Woman's Boards, and send for helps to the Board rooms in Boston or Chicago.

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### WORDS OF CHEER FROM DAKOTA.

BY MRS. SARAH F. WARD.

As to our local work I have little that is new to speak of. Our ladies talk of the time when they can invite the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior to hold one of its annual meetings here. We think we could do it now. Our houses are elastic. The hospitality of our homes is genuine and unbounded. The expense of so long a journey from Chicago, the center, of course is considerable; yet we lay this up among the anticipations which the marvelous growth of things promises us.

Our Willing Hearts have just held their annual fair, which was largely attended. Children were here in crowds, it being their night of free entertainment. It was, as usual, a parlor entertainment, and older people were charged twenty-five cents admittance. It was estimated that there were at least three hundred present. Lawn and house were full. Just as soon as a baby can toddle, it belongs to the Willing Hearts. There has been one babe in arms present at every meeting this winter. A little two-year old daughter of one of the prominent lawyers here came for the first time this year. She surprised and amused her father at tea-time by shouting, “Papa, I'm a Willing Heart!” That's it; they are

all "Willing Hearts," the children of this parish, and we pre-empt all the babies. Our children are dismissed now for their summer's work — gardens, chickens, etc. One of our teachers in the public schools was called to answer the door-bell one day this spring about as often as the man in the *Congregationalist* who wrote about "Dandelion Greens," lately. It was to buy bouquets of wild prairie dandelions, sold by boys who belonged to the Willing Hearts. At the close of the day one boy couldn't make change. He went off to get it; then returned, to ask her to take her pay in more dandelions, which she good-naturedly did.

I miss Miss Greene so much! It is true that I never saw her, but we cannot help knowing, in some degree, those with whom we exchange thoughts, although it be all in the dark. And then how blessedly near Christ and his work bring the absent and the distant!

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#### MRS. BELDEN'S SUNDAY AFTERNOON REVERIE.

It was just like our minister to preach on foreign missions or some other such hackneyed subject this beautiful day, when everybody was at church, and we all expected one of his greatest efforts. And of course he asked the old question, "How can you enjoy your children and your pleasant homes when you think of those other mothers whose children are killed before their eyes in infancy, or, when a little older, sold to helpless household slavery."

He needn't have looked at me so hard when he asked it, for I am doing all I can for these heathen sisters, as he calls them — though why he should call them so I do not know. I asked Mrs. Deacon Goodwin, one day, if she liked to have our pastor call every black woman at the South and every tawny Hindu woman her sister. And instead of answering me she opened her great blue eyes wider, and said: "Our Elder Brother gave his life for them as truly as for us; and when we come into our Father's house to be 'joint-heirs with him,' we shall not ask whether those who share our inheritance were fair or dark, rich or poor, when they dwelt in the body." And with her dark blue eyes looking into the very depths of mine, I was ready, for the time, to call every woman on the globe my sister. How solemn and how dreadfully in earnest that woman is — though not a prettier nor a better dressed one comes into our church on Sunday. To be sure, her gowns have no particular style about them. They are all of that wavy, clinging kind that might have been made last year or three years ago. And she never seems to give one thought to her dress. With that

far-away look of hers she is always trying to plan little kindnesses for her poor neighbors, or new methods of interesting our young people in missionary work. I wonder how she manages to keep her children always so neat and pretty. But she is one of the South Hadley graduates, and they eat, drink, and sleep for four years in such a missionary atmosphere that they never can be satisfied with any other. It is easier for them to do good than to do anything else. Now, I do not believe in being singular. I do what I can for the heathen. I always give my dollar a year; and that is as much as Mrs. Carleton gives, with all her diamonds. There are so many other causes, too, to which I have to give a dollar apiece, that the whole amount would buy a new winter cloak for my Marjorie, or pay for her quarter's music lessons. And while I do my own sewing, for economy's sake, I am principled against giving any more. As Frank says, we shall never live in a house of our own if we do not save our pennies. For what a long time I have been laying aside in that little bank every ten-cent piece that came into my purse toward our new house! It is astonishing how fast they count up, and how little I miss them. But then, I could not do it if I had not my object very much at heart. As Frank says, we do not want our three children to look back upon their childhood's home as a series of dissolving views in various rented houses. We want them to remember a fireside around which they played, and studied, and grew to maturity; or at least a center-table and cozy corner, if we must give up the flashing firelight. But Mrs. Goodwin will never leave me in peace. She is always asking for a special donation to make up the salary of our missionary, or to build a school-house in some out-of-the-way place, or she asks for a thank-offering at the close of the year. And I have told her so many times that my principles would not permit me to give more than a dollar a year to each charity until we could own our house. Then, last year, when she came for a Christmas-offering, she said, "Do not take for this cause anything you have set apart for your home, but try for awhile to save something from your luxuries, which you will feel you have a right to give." But we do not seem to have any luxuries we can easily do without. The twenty dollars a week which Frank gives me to pay the butcher's and grocer's bills is only just enough. If I have any margin left on Saturday I order salmon or a turkey, and oranges for Sunday's dinner; but if we have had much company during the week we take a plain beefsteak for Sunday, and are just as comfortable. It is easy to deny one's self for a friend now and then. Probably Mrs. Goodwin, with her old-fashioned notions, would say we have no friend for whom we should so gladly deny ourselves as for the



Lord Jesus. How I wish He would come in visible form before us for once, and then we could do so; but to save fifty cents or a dollar a week and not know where it is going, seems hardly worth while. And then the children are so fond of their good Sunday dinner, that I like to make Sunday the best day in the week in that way, if I cannot in any other. One cannot deny one's children as easily as one's self. Marjorie has such a delicate appetite, and Edith has such a pretty, dainty taste in dress, that I am often tempted to extravagance for her. When I bought her last new spring sacque, I had just about made up my mind to be one of ten to give five dollars each for our missionary's extra health-tour, which everybody said she needed so much. But Edith thought the old sacque would not be pretty with any of her new dresses, and so the five dollars had to go for a new one. And I had to pay five dollars to Mrs. Jones for making Edith's cashmere dress, though I had plenty of time, because she said she should never feel that it fitted her if I should make it. Sometimes I wonder how it would be if we "had to" give ten or fifteen dollars first to each missionary cause, and then made our other wants come out of what is left. I suppose the Roman Catholics always give to their churches and missions first, whether they have anything left for themselves or not; and I must confess their great church over on Atlantic Street sometimes seems to me to have missionary sermons in its very stones.

Perhaps if I knew more about this work I should feel that I must give more to it, even if I used the money Frank gave me to buy that blue velvet Tam o' Shanter that made little Charlie's curly pate and rosy cheeks so perfectly bewitching. But I do not know much about it. I cannot often go to the meetings; they are sure to be on Tuesday or Friday, and I cannot be away from home either ironing or sweeping day. They tried Thursday for awhile in our church, but that is my time for making calls; and there are so many rainy days that I must improve every sunny Thursday. And once when I was all ready to go Frank came to take me to ride. Of course I would not disappoint my husband, so I believe I have not attended one meeting this year. And as I do not know much about missions I do not try to interest others, though my pastor often looks right in my face, and says, "Remember, you are accountable not only for yourself, but for the influence you may exercise over others." What influence I have is always on the right side. Nobody ever heard me say I did not believe in foreign missions, or that the heathen would be more comfortable or more agreeable if the missionaries would let them alone. But I do not talk about missions everywhere I go. I sup-

pose if I should lay away one-tenth or one-eighth of all the money that comes into my hands for charities, and should plan my work so there would be nothing to keep me at home on missionary days, my example would speak for me; and I am sure I should please Mrs. Goodwin better. But how could my sweeping ever be done if not on Friday? I never changed it but once, and that was for Marjorie's birthday party. And who gave any one the right to be a conscience for me? I do not want to hear anything more about the heathen; but I cannot forget them if I try. I never take up my Bible — which I do love because it was mother's — but it opens of itself to the verse, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." And then the next words that come into my mind are those of my old teacher, "Every one can go by prayer, by purse, or by proxy, if not in person." Giving a dollar a year is not going very far by purse or by proxy; and I begin to think I should be ashamed to pray over so small a sum. I believe I'll give the three dollars laid by for the Tam o' Shanter, at the next monthly meeting, and let Charlie wear his old cap a little longer. And I must save a couple of dollars out of my table expenses for the next month. After that, we'll see.

M. J. W.

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#### GLEANNING AFTER THE REAPERS.

THE October LIFE AND LIGHT will be closely followed by the fifteenth annual meeting of the Board of the Interior. Only about three weeks for ingatherings. But if *all* the *tithes* are brought into the storehouse, a sensible advance will yet be made toward the \$40,000 at which we aim. Do not withhold any sums because too small to be appreciable. Remember the chagrin of the gentleman who let the contribution-box pass him unstopped because he had only two cents in his pocket. He saw by the paper the next day that two cents more would have completed another dollar, and rounded a goodly sum. Bring in, then, all the *tenths*. Ten dimes will make a dollar. Keep nothing back as a future "nest-egg." Let to-morrow take thought for the things of itself.

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#### OFFERINGS OF THANKSGIVING.

FROM many different parts of our field still come offerings of thanksgiving: the collection taken around the family altar, where those who had given all they thought they could, yet rejoiced to cast in their mites, in token of thanksgiving; the offering from

the far West, where, though there is "no harvest this year for the Chapin boys," there are yet willing hands that glean after the grasshoppers, and grateful hearts that cannot be denied the privilege of giving something; the spontaneous gift of one at a distance who rejoices that "there was such good times going on," and must be in them;" the offering of love that comes to remind us of the new life commenced in many souls far away, with the words, "In every stone a new name written;" the various offerings from auxiliaries, one of which, taking a lesson from Deut. xxvi. 1, 2, had prepared baskets of flowers and first-fruits of a sweet savor, and had realized from the sale of these, and from voluntary gifts, thirty-five dollars. These and other donations have amounted to something over four hundred and fifty dollars; and it is probable that before the annual meeting the amount will be largely increased.

"A widow's mite," a gold ring, brought, by sale, fifteen dollars; and some knitted lace, the gift of an aged invalid, was gladly redeemed by one of our bright young maidens, by the payment of one dollar.

And the fragrance of the flowers that were sent to our second praise-meeting is undying, for they changed into prayers and offerings for the needy ones over the seas. Those twelve beautiful bunches of pansies!

We believe the influence of these meetings will linger with us all our lives, and will help us not only to "put a bit of thankfulness into some other appropriations," but to make those appropriations larger than ever before.



THE fifteenth annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior will be held in the Grand Avenue Church, Milwaukee, Wis., October 24th and 25th. The presence of delegates from our widely scattered auxiliaries, and of missionaries from abroad rich in the experience of God's goodness, cannot fail to secure a meeting of great interest. A "Children's Hour" will be devoted to the discussion of juvenile societies and their methods; and it is expected that the young ladies' societies will be represented, and their plans of work fully explained by some of their own number.

Delegates will please send their names, before October 1st, to Mrs. Streckewald, 1616 Grand Avenue, Milwaukee. Due notice as to railroad fares will be given in the *Advance*.

## THE GLADNESS OF SERVICE.

BY MISS JOSEPHINE TYLER.

A mourner sat in her closet,  
 Worn with sorrow, and grave,  
 And to all who sought her presence  
 She one denial gave.

Among them, Pride, in her glitter,  
 And Mirth admission asked;  
 "I know you will," said the sad one,  
 "Cold, and cruel, and masked."

At last came a meek guest, knocking  
 With hand toil-worn and brown;  
 And the sullen voice, relenting,  
 Said, "Enter, and sit down."

"You are true, and unpretending;  
 I take you for my friend;  
 We will bear each other's burdens,  
 In sadness, to the end."

But the guest, whose name was Service,  
 Had left the portal wide;  
 And Peace and Joy — two sisters fair —  
 Came softly to her side.

"These are my radiant daughters,"  
 Said Service with a smile:  
 "If ever we three are parted,  
 'Tis but a little while."

Then the mourner, from her weeping,  
 Rose up to sweet employ;  
 And where'er she goes with Service  
 Soon follow Peace and Joy.



RECEIPTS OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS  
OF THE INTERIOR

MRS. J. B. LEAKE, TREASURER.

FROM JULY 18 TO AUGUST 18, 1883

OHIO.

OHIO BRANCH.—Mrs. Geo. H. Ely, of Elyria, Treas. *Andover*, for B. R. at Marash, 14.47; *West Andover*, 5.53; *Burton*, 10; *Columbus*, 1st Ch., 16.50; *Edinburg*, for Miss Parmelee, 24.76; *Elyria*, Golden Links, to complete Manisa Sch. Shp., 16; *Mantua*, 8.20; *Medina*, 10; *Mt. Vernon*, 20; *Oberlin*, for Miss Newton, 80; *Painesville*, 50; *Rochester*, for Miss Maltbie, 9; *Springfield*, Y. L. M. A., for Morning Star, 5; *Tallmadge*, 30.41; *Vermillion*, 7.  
Branch total, \$306 87  
*Cleveland*, a thank-offering, 5 00  
Total, \$311 87

INDIANA BRANCH.—Miss E. B. Warren of Terre Haute, Treas. *New Carlisle*, Mrs. Rowell, 5; *Terre Haute*, Aux., for tours of Misses Chapin and Haven, 10,  
\$15 00  
Total, \$15 00

MICHIGAN.

MICHIGAN BRANCH.—Mrs. Geo. H. Lathrop, of Jackson, Treas. *Charlotte*, for Miss Spencer, 20; *Detroit*, Woodward Ave., for Kobe Home, 40; *Eaton Rapids*, 38.87, of wh. 19.42 is for Miss Spencer; 11.32 from the King's Y. Daughters, for Bridge; 13 from Cheerful Workers, for Morning Star; *Flint*, 67, of which 50 for Kalgan Sch., 17 from Buds of Promise, for Morning Star; *Galesburg*, for Dindigul Sch., 11.50; *Hudson*, for Bible-reader at Yozgab, 21; *Muskegon*, 40, of wh. 35 is for Kobe Home, 5 from Little Coral Workers; *Oswosso*, for Kalgan Sch., 19.59; *Summit*, for Kobe Home, 2.59. Branch total, \$260 55  
*Clinton*, Aux., 5; Mrs. Ed Cook, 1; *Ann Arbor*, thank-offering, 1.20; *Detroit*, thank-offering, 10,  
21 20  
Total, \$281 75

ILLINOIS.

ILLINOIS BRANCH.—Mrs. W. A. Talcott, of Rockford, Treas. *Alton*, Church of the Redeemer, for Bible-reader Sultan Enfiajian, 8; *Champaign*, for pupil at Samokov, 10; *Chicago*, 1st Ch., Y. L. M. Soc., for The Bridge, 27.50, New England Ch., for Miss Chapin, 37, South Cong'l Ch., Y. L. M. Soc., 22, Union Park Ch., 12; *Danvers*, 17.50; *Garden Prairie*, Aux., 3.06; *Willing Workers*, 2.04; *Granville*, 9; *Greenville*, 8; *Huntley*, The Harvesters, 12; *Jacksonville*, Y. L. M. Soc., for The Bridge, 12.50; *Malden*, 8; *Moline*, Mission Band, 15; *Oswego*, 2.57; *Sycamore*, 10; *Udina*, 3.25; *Wayne*, 4.66; *Waverly*, for Miss Evans, 13; *Winnebago*, of wh. 18 for native teacher in Turkey, \$33.50. Branch total, \$270 53  
*Chicago*, Mrs. J. Porter, const. Miss Jennie C. Farr, L. M., 25; A Lady, a thank-offering, 1; *Evanston*, Mission Band, for Erzroom scholarship, 40; *Waukegan*, 25, 91 00  
*Special thank-offerings*, Aug. 10.—*Beecher*, 17.75; *Evanston*, 9.30; *Oak Park*, 7; *Providence*, 1; *Chicago and vicinity*, including "a widow's mite," a gold ring, which sold for \$15, 256.35, 291 40  
Total, \$652 98

WISCONSIN.

WISCONSIN BRANCH.—Mrs. R. Coburn, of Whitewater, Treas. *Appleton*, to const. L. M. Miss Olivia Lamphear, 25; *Beloit*, 2d Ch., 15; *Big Spring*, 2; *Brandon*, 9.81; *Ithica*, 2; *Kilbourn City*, Mrs. M. M. Jenkins, for Bible-reader at Pasmolia, 5; *Prescott*, Y. L. Theodora Soc., 13; *Racine*, of wh. 25 to const. L. M. Mrs. E. G. Durant, 41; *Whitewater*, for Miss Taylor, 2.60. Less expenses, 2.30. Branch total, \$113 11

*Thank-offerings.*—A friend, to const. the Misses Chapin, of Beloit, L. M., 50; A friend, to const. Miss A. Mitchell and Miss Fannie M. Blatchford L. M., 50; *Beaver Dam*, 10; *Ripon*, 1; *Milwaukee*, 1, \$112 00

Total, \$25 11

## IOWA.

IOWA BRANCH.—Mrs. E. R. Potter, of Grinnell, Treas. *Davenport*, for Miss Day, 13.75; *Des Moines*, Plymouth Ch., Aux., of wh. 15 for Miss Hillis, 20, Sabbath Sch. for Bridgman, 12.82; *Farragut*, 10; *Green Mountain*, Aux., 8.25, Little Helpers, for The Bridge, 5.50; *Lyons*, for Miss Day, 30; *McGregor*, 9.71; *Stuart*, 20; *Shenandoah*, 6; *Tabor*, for Saragossa, 15; *Toledo*, for Hadjin Sch., 5, Branch total, \$146 03

*Cedar Rapids*, Y. L. Soc., for Bridge, 20; *Hastings*, 6; *Monticello*, a Friend, for Miss Hillis, 2; *Stacyville*, Y. L. Soc., for Bridge, 12, 40 00

Total, \$186 03

## MINNESOTA.

MINNESOTA BRANCH.—Mrs. E. M. Williams, of Northfield, Acting Treas. *Austin*, Scatter Good Soc., for Miss Brown, 5; *Glyndon*, for Miss Cathcart, 6; *Mazepa*, for same, 5; *Minneapolis*, Pilgrim Ch. S. S., for Morning Star, 4.75, Plymouth Ch., Y. L. Aux., for The Bridge, 25, Second Cong'l Ch., for Miss Barrows, 30, S. S. of same, for Morning Star, 10; *Northfield*, for Miss Brown, 13.94; *St. Paul*, Plymouth Ch., for Miss Barrows, 60. Branch total, \$159 69

*Zumbrot*, 6 50

Total, \$166 19

## MISSOURI BRANCH.

MISSOURI BRANCH.—Mrs. J. H. Drew, 3101 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Treas. *Hamilton*, 10; *Kansas City*, 50; *Pierce City*, 15; *St. Joseph*, Earnest Workers, 25, \$100 00

Total, \$100 00

## KANSAS BRANCH.

Mrs. F. P. Hogbin, of Sabetha, Treas. *Manhattan*, A Friend,

5; *Paola*, 2; *Sabetha*, 5.37; *Wabauensee*, 10 (all for Miss Wright), \$23 37

Total, \$23 37

## NEBRASKA.

W. M. Ass'n, Mrs. Geo. W. Hall, of Omaha, Treas. *Springfield*, Friends, 19.42; *Red Cloud*, 5; *Weeping Water*, 20; *York*, 7; *Greenwood*, 5; *West Point*, 10, \$56 42

Total, \$56 42

## DAKOTA.

*Lake Preston*, Aux. of two members, 1; collection, 3.42 \$4 42

Total, \$4 42

## ROCKY MOUNTAIN BRANCH.

Mrs. P. F. Powelson, of Cheyenne, Wyo., Treas. *Longmont*, Aux., for Miss Brooks, 13; S. S., for Morning Star, 3.26; *Colorado Springs*, Pike's Peak M. Band, for Bridge, 15.06; *Denver*, 1st Ch., Aux., for Miss Brooks, 100, \$131 32

Total, \$131 32

## ARIZONA.

*Prescott*, Mrs. D. R. Clendenin, *thank-offering*, \$1 00

Total, \$1 00

## PENNSYLVANIA.

*West Spring Creek*, \$7 50

Total, \$7 50

## MASSACHUSETTS.

*Kingston*, Mrs. Henry L. Chase, *thank-offering*, \$10 00

Total, \$10 00

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Friends, for room-furnishing, \$8 00  
Special *thank-offerings*, in acknowledgment of spiritual blessings vouchsafed to our missions, and amounting to \$430.60, are credited to the different States, in italics.

Receipts for the month, \$2,154 96

Previously acknowledged, 25,375 92

Total since Oct. 22, 1882, \$27,530 18

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## SKETCH OF THE GIRLS' SCHOOL AT BROOSA.

BY MRS. F. M. NEWELL.

SIX years ago our dear Miss Rappleye, after five years' labor in Constantinople in organizing the work which has since grown into the American School of such large proportion, came to Broosa, and, in a room not far from the present building, gathered three Greeks in a school. Through her indefatigable zeal it grew in power, and, by her friends of the Pacific Board, the commodious school-building we now occupy was built. The present school year opened with seventeen Home scholars — an excess of eight over any previous year. In all, there are forty scholars. As there are more applicants than we can take as beneficiaries, we try to select such as give promise of helping in the mission-work when they have finished their studies.

Here let me speak of the nine Home scholars of last year. Six have come back to us, and three have entered on the practical work of teaching — two in interior villages and one in Broosa. They all have decided Christian characters, and are doing a blessed work. If it could be your privilege, as it has been mine, to watch these three girls instilling into the minds of seventy other girls the principles of our Christian religion, I am sure you would rejoice in what you have done for foreign missions. It is a work that pays. The girls that come to us have, almost without exception, very bright minds, quick to grasp new ideas, and are so thankful for everything that we do for them.

We have a school session of six hours for five days in the week; but our teaching virtually begins at the first tap of the bell, at six in the morning, and continues till nine in the evening, as all through these hours we have them in our care, instructing them

in ways which shall make them good teachers, good wives, and good mothers.

One of our new girls, writing to her mother, last week, expressed herself as follows: "Although I did so much want to come to school, I was not prepared for anything so nice. We do everything by system, and we see as never before the value of time. We rise in the morning by the clock; we go to bed at night by the clock; we work and study by the clock; we sing and play by the clock; we pray by the clock. When we sing together the songs our teachers have taught us I feel just as if I was in heaven." The hymns are the same you sing in America, translated into Greek and Turkish.

Each of our beneficiaries is allowed forty dollars a year. Here, where the cost of living is nearly as much as in America, we have to reckon very closely to make that meet the cost of nutritious food for the year. All incidentals to which we are subject, such as sickness and the necessities of their scanty wardrobes,—sometimes so small that all garments, except those worn, are wrapped in a handkerchief not more than half a yard square,—have to come in some other way. In prosperous America you can hardly understand how poor the people of Turkey are—not always for lack in themselves, but on account of their terribly oppressed political condition.

Besides our work, which commands first attention, there are many calls coming to us from outside; and we often wish for more time and more strength, as well as more money. We have a very prosperous Sabbath-school, from twelve to four on Sunday, in our large school-room. We welcome all who come to study the Bible. Let me give a little incident that occurred this morning. A party of men and women came from a place three days' distant, to see the "Protestant School." They came in Oriental dress, and, leaving their sandals at the door, walked in barefoot. They seemed spell-bound at the music of the organ, heard for the first time. They admired our rooms, and each piece of furniture; then questioned among themselves if heaven would be as beautiful. As our walls were of mud, with a very coarse whitewash, the wood-work unpainted, floors without carpets, and the furniture of our parlor an organ that I brought from home, and which was badly broken on the way, six chairs that were brought from America many years ago, two divans stuffed with straw, with straw pillows for backs, and a very old table, I had not once thought it luxurious—as, indeed, it was when compared with the best they had ever known. As they mounted their horses, and started on another three days' journey,—feeling well satisfied with their



visit,—they impressed on me a lesson that, I trust, will not soon be lost.

To this we add the following, from the "Annual Report" of the Mission. Of the Girls' School, Miss Twichell writes:—

Our whole number of pupils for the year is forty-seven, including twenty-eight day-scholars and nineteen boarders. Of the latter, twelve are Greeks and seven Armenians. One has already become our assistant teacher, and one has taken a school at Moohalick. A few of the day pupils have left us, so that our year closes with forty-one. The additions to our school have been from both the Greeks and Armenians. The increase in numbers from the Greeks has not been so great as we wish it might be. This year the experiment is being tried of opening the doors more widely than ever before to Armenian girls, of whom we now have a very promising class; and we have secured for it the services of an Armenian teacher, whose salary is covered by tuition from the pupils. \* \* \*

God has come very near to us this year, and many of our girls have learned to know him as their best friend. We have much that is sweet to remember of His work with us this winter, and pray that he will help us to watch and guide with wisdom those whom he has chosen to be his own, and given into our keeping.

Of the general work, Mr. Baldwin writes:—

The experiences of the past year with us have not materially differed from those of previous years. "More to be done than one can possibly find time for," is a rule which, on mission-ground, is seldom proved by its exceptions; and yet, I doubt not every one regrets not having accomplished more, and is ready to resolve, with God's help, to do more the coming year. The retrenchment cloud early settled down upon us, and continues to obscure our horizon so that it is still uncertain what the results of the reduction are to be. In taking a comprehensive view of the whole field, there is much to encourage; and, again, there are places so dark and unpromising that one's faith fails.

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BISHOP ALBERT, of Maine, used to say that "the human heart is like a millstone in a mill. If you place corn on it, it spins round, grinds, and crushes, and makes it into meal. If there is no corn it still spins round, and grinds itself; so that it becomes thinner and smaller. So the human heart must have work to do. If it has not the work of its calling to fulfill, the Devil comes with temptation, heaviness, and sadness, till the heart devours itself with sorrow."—*Selected.*

## BRIGHTER DAYS FOR THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

WE believe that the inquiries made by the Committee of Conference that is bringing out the Decennial Mission Tables, have brought to light a remarkable fact with regard to the advance of missionary work among girls and women.

The number in the girls' day-schools alone far outstretches the whole number in all the great missionary educational institutions for youth. And when the girls in the boarding-schools and the ladies instructed in zenanas are added to the number of girls in the day-schools, the total is about half as many more than all the males under missionary training in all the schools and colleges.

This remarkable increase in the quantity of instruction now being imparted to the girls and women of the metropolis, has, it is well known, been attended by raising the standard of education. There are now girl under-graduates of the Calcutta University, and the desire to work up for the University examinations is increasing.

These great improvements are mainly in the boarding-schools, though some of the day-schools are good and efficient; but the majority of them are, we believe, very elementary. However, they who know these schools best, are aware that considerable improvement has been made in them of late years; and it is to these girls' day-schools that attention should now be largely directed.

There are, we believe, more than four thousand Hindu girls in the mission day-schools of Calcutta and its suburbs. This is a marvelous change from the time, not so long ago, when the daughters of Hindu gentlemen were on no account allowed to go, slate and books in hand, to school. Those now in the work talk of the time when children had to be paid to attend school; and when, on such terms, of course none but the lowest orders came. Now, all is altered. In many cases substantial fees are charged by the managers of the schools. Hindu gentlemen look well after the progress of their daughters in their lessons; and the whole community is moving forward in the desire to educate girls and women. All this indicates the beginning of a social change of the greatest moment and of the highest promise, and calls to all who are working for the regeneration of this great country, to see that the moral and religious training of these thousands of girls now placed under the care of missionary ladies is well looked after; that quality as well as quantity should become, more than ever, the aim of the ladies that every church in Christendom is sending to this country, in prayer and faith, and large expectation that God is about to bless the women of India."—*Church Missionary Intelligencer*.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY

BY THE

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ARTICLE I.—This Society shall be called "THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY," auxiliary to the WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

ART. II.—The officers of this Society shall be a Directress, Secretary, and Treasurer, chosen annually.

ART. III.—The object of this Society shall be the collection of money for missionary purposes, and the cultivation of a missionary spirit among its members.

ART. IV.—All money raised by this Society shall be sent to the Treasurer of the WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS, for the purposes of their organization.

ART. V.—Any person may become a member of this Society by the payment of ——— annually.

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## FORMS OF BEQUEST.

In making devises and legacies, the entire corporate name of the particular Board which the testator has in mind, should be used as follows:—

For the WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS, incorporated in Massachusetts, in 1869:

I give and bequeath to the WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS, the sum of ———, to be applied to the Mission purposes set forth in its Act of Incorporation, passed by the Legislature of Massachusetts, in the year 1869.

For the WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS OF THE INTERIOR, incorporated in Illinois, in 1873:

I give and bequeath to the WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS OF THE INTERIOR, the sum of ———, to be applied to the Mission purposes set forth in its Act of Incorporation.